

MARVEL
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THE REAL

Nº37 38p

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GHSTBUSTERS™



BUSTING OUT!



Did you ever get that feeling that things are not quite what they seem? In issue thirty-seven of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, our heroes find themselves with an identity crisis on their hands. They always believed themselves to be unique, but a chance encounter in an old disused fire station across town, does more than fire thoughts of self-doubt in their minds in **The Ghostbuster Busters!** It never rains, but it pours. Not only are the Ghostbusters facing stiff opposition, but they also find themselves in a mix-up with a company of a similar name and address, and the connection is a little closer to home than expected, in this week's **Winston's Diary!** It all seems utterly catastrophic, and to top it all, there's a giant moggy loose on the streets of New York. Bizarre, eh?

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



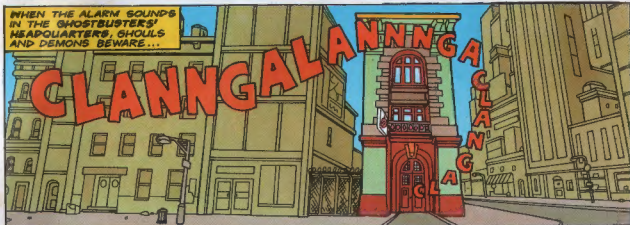
JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

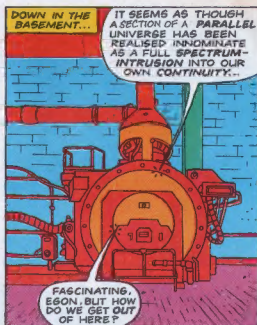
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

WHEN THE ALARM SOUNDS
IN THE GHOSTBUSTERS'
HEADQUARTERS, GHOULS
AND DEMONS BEWARE...



Story ANDREW BRENNER Art PHIL ELLIOTT and DAVE HARWOOD Letters PAUL MARSHALL Colour FRANKIE STEIN





MEANWHILE...

SO, WHAT
YOU'RE TRYING
TO SAY IS THAT
THERE IS A WAY
TO GET OUT OF
HERE!

WELL, ASSUMING THIS
CONTAINMENT UNIT IS A
REFLECTION, CONSTRUCTED
ON THE SAME BASIS AS
MY ORIGINAL DESIGN...

INSIDE...

...AND ACCEPTING THE
HYPOTHESIS THAT THE
LOCKING SYSTEM CONTAINS
A POSSIBLE, THEORETICAL
FLAW IN THE ION FIELD...

YOU MEAN
YOU NEVER
SORTED THAT
OUT?

I WAS NEVER
CONVINCED
THAT A FLAW
EXISTED, RAY!

HEY! WHY
ARGUE?

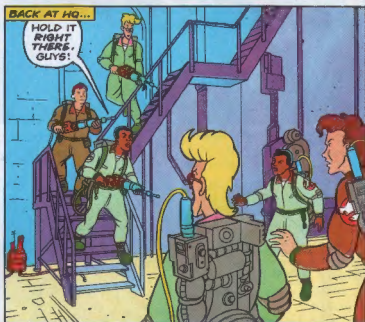
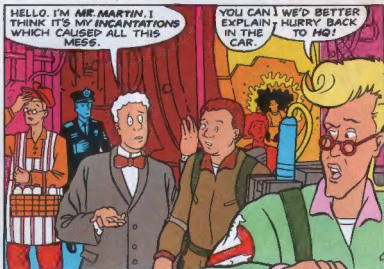
WHATEVER
IT IS, LET'S
TRY IT!

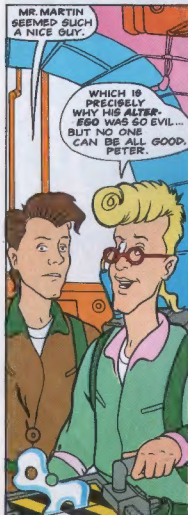
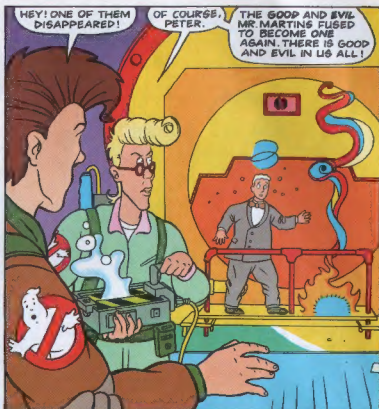
ALL RIGHT THEN,
SET YOUR PROTON
GUNS FOR NEGATIVE
OVERLOAD...

...AND AIM AT
THE FOCAL
POINT OF THE
ION-FILTER.

WHATEVER
YOU SAY, EGON.

SHKLEP





SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE



Janine related a most peculiar story to me recently. She was riding on the bus downtown, when she saw this little old lady, who was wearing a grey fur coat, a strawberry-pink hat and was clutching an old carrier bag. The old lady looked at Janine coldly. Later, whilst she was waiting at Grand Central Station for the arrival of her cousin, Hiram from Minneapolis, she saw the very same old lady getting off a train that had just come non-stop from Vancouver. Perplexed, Janine wondered if this could mean the old lady had a double. Anyway, later, when she and Hiram were watching the TV news, they both made out the distinct figure of the same little old lady, dancing with a man dressed as a cantaloup. Janine rang me at once and asked me to look into the possibility of doubles, or Doppelgangers as they are technically known. Even as I write, she's on her way to HQ to listen to my findings. So, I'd better better get on with it.

Doppelgangers

Doppelganger is a German word for the wraith of a living person. All those times when people say, "Hey, I saw someone just like you this morning in the local toy

PART 37

shop," they probably actually did see you, or rather they saw your ectoplasmic reflection. Let me explain. At certain times, certain objects or individuals develop abnormally high PKE levels. The reasons could be one of the following:

- A supernatural manifestation is about to occur.
- A supernatural manifestation has just occurred.
- The subject is a strong Psycho-kinetic latent.
- The subject was emotionally disturbed and a supernatural manifestation is about to occur.
- The subject had nothing better to do.

Under these circumstances, it is possible for the subject, or location to involuntarily emanate a

strong ectoplasmic field. This, in the correct weather conditions, may lead to an ectoplasmic reflection being produced.

Body Doubles

Ectoplasmic reflections are atmospheric shadows of an individual that appear at completely separate locations and behave like perfectly real human beings. Who knows? Whilst you're in the kitchen in Connecticut, under the sink mending the sump, you could also be in Rio, dancing in the street with members of the melon family.

Aha!

Aha! Even as I speak, Janine has just arrived ... Hmm ... Most unscientific ... Janine says that on her way to the HQ, she saw the little old lady in the strawberry hat again, crossing Seventh Avenue whilst 'Don't walk' was flashing. She ran after the old lady and finally caught up with her just as the lady was about to take the cross town bus. As Janine approached, the lady turned and gave her a cold stare. Finally, the old lady spoke. With a hint of puzzlement she looked at Janine and said "I'm sorry, but didn't I see you this morning in Canberra?"

**JUST
WHO ARE
THE SLEEZE
BROTHERS...?**



**...AND
WHAT ARE
THEY DOING
ON THIS
PAGE?**

THE POST GHOST

This ghost was responsible for disrupting not only the mail, but the box as well! Known as Kal Quix Ra (presumably to his friends), the ghost resided in another dimension for which the mailbox was a gateway between his and ours. This was rather unfortunate for Egon, who whilst investigating the box along with the other Ghostbusters, was promptly dragged inside, leaving only his glasses behind as a solitary

memento. This is the kind of ghost which is often referred to by mortals of the human variety as a 'Gremlin', as it interferes with everyday objects and can make life very awkward indeed. Fortunately, the Ghostbusters were able to close the gateway with their Proton Guns and Egon was ejected from another mailbox, whilst the ghost was sent permanently back to his own world.



WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story JOHN FREEMAN  Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and BAMBOS

Monday, February the 20th, 1989

It started with a phone call. Problems at Ghostbuster's HQ often do, unless it's a personal call from a harassed citizen with a ghost in his bath or a poltergeist ripping up her prize rose bushes. Every problem is noted by Janine, who usually decides which of the Ghostbusters will handle it. This time she came to me to sort it out.

"It's a complaint," said Janine, passing me a note as I finished breakfast. "I don't think you're going to like it."



I read the note, then turned it over, to make sure that it wasn't an April Fool or something weird like that. "That isn't an April Fool, or something like that?" I asked her, suspiciously.

"All I know is, this person is complaining about the ghost that we sent him," Janine replied, arms crossed. "I don't remember sending a ghost out, unless Peter's doing take-aways."

"Not even Peter would be that stupid," I replied, "I'll find out what's up."

"Slimer come too?" asked Slimer, looking up from my cereal bowl, which he'd just licked clean. "All right, but no eating the shrubbery like you did the last time you came with me," I said sternly.

"Look, I'm very sorry sir," I was saying, just half an hour later, "I'm sure Slimer didn't mean to eat the contents of your deep freeze while I was busting that Class five poltergeist in your conservatory." Slimer nodded quickly from behind me as I stood in a very elegant lounge, Proton Pack on my back facing a very angry young man in a dinner suit.

"I don't know why you wanted to trap that ghost anyway," thundered the man, his hands twitching over a mobile phone. "After all," he continued, "Your company sold me the darned spook in the first place!"

I'd discovered the Class five spook throwing potted plants around his indoor garden, and this rich fool was blaming me for the trouble! "Look," I said angrily, "We don't sell ghosts – we trap them. We've got a reputation for it!"

"So, explain this card, then!" he replied, thrusting a slime-covered business card in my face. I looked at Slimer.

"Noothing doobee widme," said Slimer, "Lookeee! Wrongcolouris!"

Slimer was right. The ecto-slime was nothing like the horrid green goo he usually left in the fridge. It was more like a red and blue sort of goo. The card read "IS YOUR HOME WITHOUT A GHOST? CALL GHOSTBOOSTERS!" There was a number and an address below it. "I couldn't find that earlier," explained the man who was still seething. "I found your number instead. Good idea that, being listed under Pest Control."

"Well, I'm sorry sir, but you've rung the wrong company," I explained, showing him one of our cards which I always keep in a carefully wrapped plastic bag in my pocket. He looked at our Ghostbusters card, then at the Ghostboosters card. "You're right," he muttered. "Different address. I've called the wrong company." I thought I'd just explained that, but this guy wasn't just rich, he was stupid, too. I made for the door, Slimer behind me.

"Mind you," he suddenly added. "The addresses are pretty similar."

I grabbed the card in a flash. He was right! Ghostboosters, who ever they were, were close enough to Ghostbusters' HQ, that we once had complaints about Slimer scaring their cats. "I'll look into this," I said. "What about my ghost?" said the man as I raced off to ECTO-1. "I paid five-hundred dollars for that!"

I drove back to HQ, told Slimer to stay at home this time, ran a check on my Proton Pack and Gun and made for the nearby building. Things were beginning to make sense—a company selling ghosts, operating right next door to us. They worked from a basement, very close to our basement. Very close to our Ecto-containment Unit. Somehow, this company must have tapped into it and was selling our ghosts to rich clients!

I walked quietly down a darkened staircase. Up ahead, a door proclaimed "GHOSTBOOSTERS—ANY SIZE, ANY TIME—WE DELIVER!"

"Surprise!" I said bursting through the door, Proton Gun at the ready.

The grimy, slimy room had three desks, covered with letters and papers. There was a peculiar pipe and tap stuck into one of the walls, which dripped ecto-slime, ominously. Three ghosts wearing thick rimmed glasses and dressed in pin-stripe business suits looked up in horror at my entrance.

"Customer complaints is down the hall," squealed one of them, as my Proton Gun crackled. "I'm not complaining, man," I replied, throwing three Ghost Traps into the room. "I'm delivering!"

With my usual speed, I busted the ghosts. I turned the strange dripping tap to the ON position and heard the rush of ectoplasmic force, which could only have been a ghost hurrying out of the Containment Unit. I turned the tap off, quickly. No telling what could come out when you consider the ghosts we've busted.

This was something Egon would have to deal with. I didn't think it would be fair to call a plumber in to plug this leak.

I was pleased with myself, but uneasy. Just how many ghosts had the ghost company sold before I'd found them? I headed back to HQ with three Ghost Traps under my arm. Egon met me at the door.

"Ah, Winston," he said, "I've just noticed a disturbing drop in PKE activity in the Ecto-containment Unit."

"I think I can explain that," I said, reaching for the Ghost Traps.

"Well," shouted Janine, pointing at the phone. "Can you come and explain to this woman just why a twelve-foot demon is eating her shrubbery? Can one of you stop hanging around talking and do something about it?"

A Ghostbusters, work is never done!



GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Hi, folks! Here's the latest collection of mind-scrambling questions. Pick up those pens and keep them coming. You know what they say – a letter a day keeps the postman busy!

Dear Peter...

1. In issue 30, David Robinson asked what you would do if a spooky, slimy ghost came up to you when you didn't have a Proton Pack. If you are so cool and brave, why did you say "Run"?

2. Why is it that although Winston tells jokes and Egon doesn't, Winston is called the most sensible?

– Richard Evans, Birmingham

1. Please put yourself in my position Richard. You can't deny that Proton Packs are extremely useful! 2. In a tight spot a sense of humour can be a sensible thing to have, as it definitely helps to relieve the tension when faced with an ectoplasmic beastly!

I have some questions for you:

1. Why does Slimer slime you all the time?
2. Why is Slimer scared of big ghosts when he is a ghost himself?

3. Is it true that Ray paid for the HQ and the car?

– Paul Webster, Bebington

1. He assures us that it is a token of his affection, but I don't always see it that way! 2. Let's face it, Paul, if you were faced with a ghost bigger than yourself, wouldn't you be scared? 3. Yes it's true, but Ray would like to make it perfectly clear that he had to sell his house to make it possible.

I have a couple of puzzles for you:

1. When Egon got posted in *The Post Ghost*, he was wearing a green uniform and when he came out of the mailbox he was wearing a blue uniform, Why is this?

2. In *These Boots are made for Haunting*, Ray buys some boots from a boot shop. The shopkeeper is the same as the one who was busted in *The Little Shoppe of Terrors*. Why has he reappeared?

– Caroline Penrith, Hardwicke

1. It's possible that when Egon crossed the threshold into the ghost's dimension, the change in atmosphere affected the material's fibres in the suit. 2. We never were able to bust the shopkeeper, that's why he reappeared, and surprise, surprise, we couldn't bust him this time either!

1. In *Hide and Squeak*, Why did you like Slimer?

2. Did Slimer have a mum and dad?

– Richard Eugene, London

1. I must admit it, this time Slimer was an asset, yeuch, I hate mice! 2. Slimer must have had a mum and dad at some point in time, although if they are anything like Slimer, I'm glad I haven't had to meet them!

Please could answer these questions:

1. Why do you think you're wonderful?

2. What is Psycho-kinetic Energy? Is it some kind of power that ghosts have?

3. Do you think you're like me (which is fun, wild at parties and like an agony aunt?)

4. Why is it that Ghost Writing is always full of letters from boys? I don't think this is fair.

– Teresa Dudman, Ipswich

1. Look, Teresa, if anyone's going to think I'm wonderful I don't see why it shouldn't be me. 2. Psycho-kinetic Energy is the aura created by the appearance of presence of a ghost. If a spirit is in the vicinity, it will register on the Ghostbusters' PKE Meter. 3. I thought your description was fairly apt until I came to the bit about the agony aunt. Are you serious? 4. I'm sorry to have offended your female sensibilities, but I can't help it if most of my letters are from boys. Janine says you have her fullest sympathies.

EVERY
MONTH!

ALF

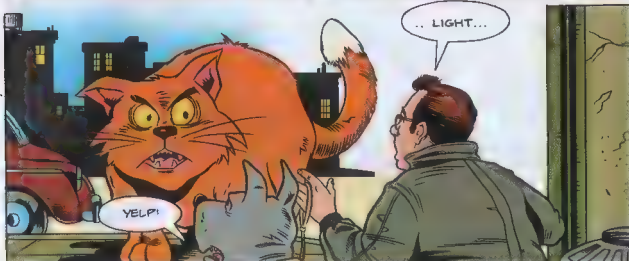
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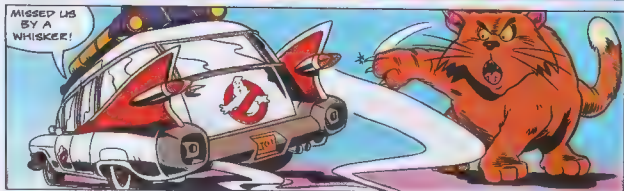
THE **FANTASTIC FUR**
HAS ARRIVED!

DOES
ANYONE KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED
TO OUR
TABLECLOTH?

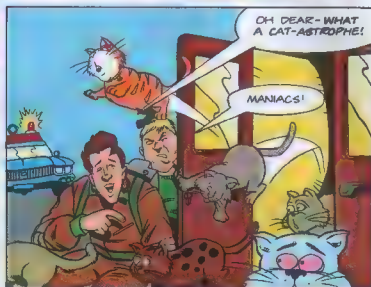
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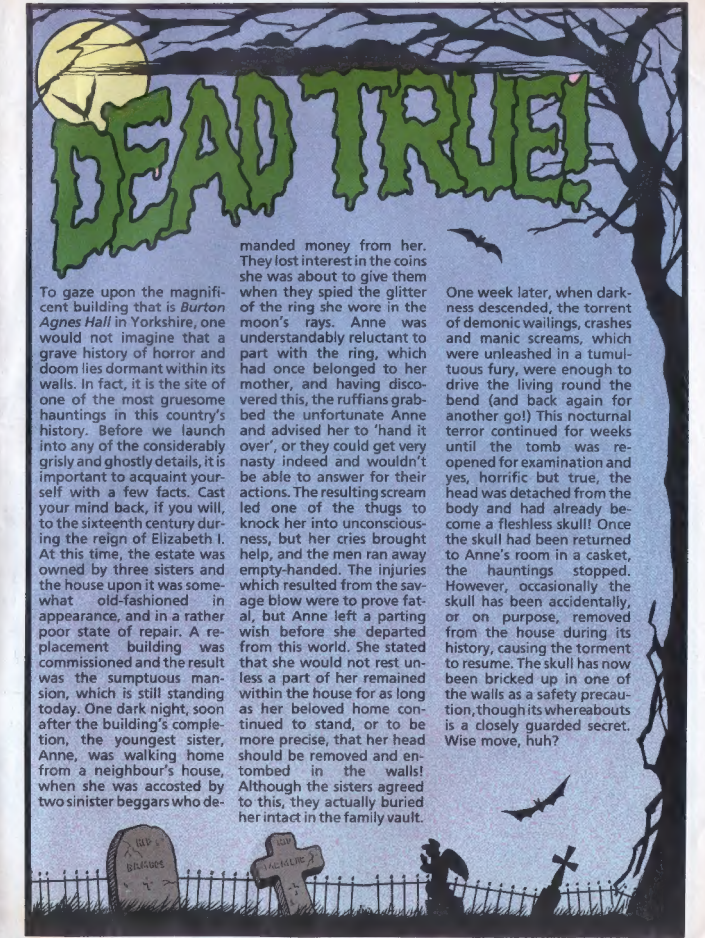
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™











DEAD TRUE!

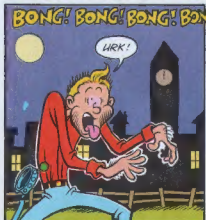
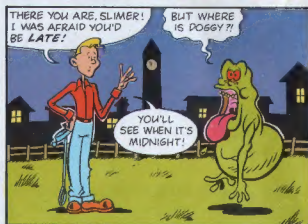
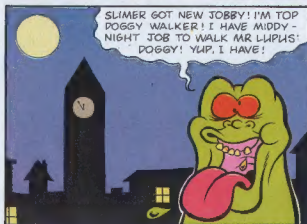
To gaze upon the magnificent building that is *Burton Agnes Hall* in Yorkshire, one would not imagine that a grave history of horror and doom lies dormant within its walls. In fact, it is the site of one of the most gruesome hauntings in this country's history. Before we launch into any of the considerably grisly and ghostly details, it is important to acquaint yourself with a few facts. Cast your mind back, if you will, to the sixteenth century during the reign of Elizabeth I. At this time, the estate was owned by three sisters and the house upon it was somewhat old-fashioned in appearance, and in a rather poor state of repair. A replacement building was commissioned and the result was the sumptuous mansion, which is still standing today. One dark night, soon after the building's completion, the youngest sister, Anne, was walking home from a neighbour's house, when she was accosted by two sinister beggars who de-

manded money from her. They lost interest in the coins she was about to give them when they spied the glitter of the ring she wore in the moon's rays. Anne was understandably reluctant to part with the ring, which had once belonged to her mother, and having discovered this, the ruffians grabbed the unfortunate Anne and advised her to 'hand it over', or they could get very nasty indeed and wouldn't be able to answer for their actions. The resulting scream led one of the thugs to knock her into unconsciousness, but her cries brought help, and the men ran away empty-handed. The injuries which resulted from the savage blow were to prove fatal, but Anne left a parting wish before she departed from this world. She stated that she would not rest unless a part of her remained within the house for as long as her beloved home continued to stand, or to be more precise, that her head should be removed and entombed in the walls! Although the sisters agreed to this, they actually buried her intact in the family vault.

One week later, when darkness descended, the torrent of demonic wailings, crashes and manic screams, which were unleashed in a tumultuous fury, were enough to drive the living round the bend (and back again for another go!) This nocturnal terror continued for weeks until the tomb was reopened for examination and yes, horrific but true, the head was detached from the body and had already become a fleshless skull! Once the skull had been returned to Anne's room in a casket, the hauntings stopped. However, occasionally the skull has been accidentally, or on purpose, removed from the house during its history, causing the torment to resume. The skull has now been bricked up in one of the walls as a safety precaution, though its whereabouts is a closely guarded secret. Wise move, huh?

BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER!



Story BAMBOS ◯ Art and Lettering BAMBOS ◯ Colouring BEA



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: SLIME TIME Marvel Comics Ltd 13/15 Arundel Street London WC2

Why did the ghouel measure himself against the wall?
He wanted to know if he'd gruesome!
— Barry O'Brien, Bath

What do you call a drunken ghost?
A methylated spirit!
— Stephen Baskerville, Tottenham

What do you call the ghost of a chicken?
A poultry-geist!
— Dan Abnett, Brixton

Why did Dracula never get married?
He wanted to stay a Bat-chelor!
— Graham Perkins, South Croydon.

What has fangs, is furry and is four feet tall?
An eight feet werewolf bending down to tie his shoelaces!
— Adrian Hulf, Sidcup

What's the most dangerous job in Transylvania?
Dracula's dentist!
— Debbie Tate, Bathgate



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